

want. Don't you think that would be a good way of learning?"

Fred didn't seem to think anything of the sort: while Bertha, who had determined just what to wear on her visit to Ellie, and just what to talk about when she reached the home of that young lady, disapproved of any discipline whatever on that particular afternoon. But both children saw something in mamma's face that made them think it advisable to be quiet for a few moments, so Bertha opened mouth and eyes as if she would take in the whole of that particular figure of the carpet at which she was staring, while Fred rolled his lips apart and moved his eyelids together until he seemed to be nothing but a great big pout. As for mamma, she darned away industriously, completing one stocking and then another, until it occurred to her that the room was very quiet. The connection between calms and storms had been so often demonstrated in the Mayburn family that mamma looked around suspiciously, and saw Fred and Bertha making diabolical faces at each other, while The Jefful gazed upon them with a frightened fascination that rendered her utterly dumb.

"Children!" exclaimed mamma severely.

Fred and Bertha looked idiotically innocent in an instant, while The Jefful, the spell being broken, emitted a loud wail.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, children? What were you making those dreadful faces for?"

"Well, Fred did," said Bertha.

"Well, Bertha did," said Fred.

"Say, mamma," said Fred, "I don't think you enjoy us much to-day."

"Neither do I," said Bertha.

"I really believe," answered mamma, after a quiet moment or two, "that I agree with both of you."

"Well, I know how you can get rid of us," said Fred. "Just let us have a tea-party."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Bertha. "*Um.*" For Bertha, although Fred's twin sister, had a tooth sweeter by far than could be found in her brother's mouth.

"You may have it," said mamma.

"Oh—h—h," exclaimed Fred as he kissed his mamma soundly; "aren't you good to-day?"

Mamma accepted the compliment with the modesty peculiar to true merit.

"How many kinds of cake can we have, mamma?" asked Bertha.

"Only one," said mamma. "You may have sandwiches, lemonade, cake and fruit, and you can have nothing whatever if you bother me at all about it. I will give Bridget orders to get everything ready, and you will have nothing to do but sit down and enjoy your party."

"Mamma," said Bertha, "I want to know just one thing: may I invite Ella?"

"Yes," said mamma. "Invite whomever you please."

"Hoo—ee!" exclaimed Fred. "Where's my overcoat? I'm going out to invite Jimmy, and Frank, and Stringey, and Whopps, and —"

"Stop—stop!" exclaimed mamma, "of whom are you talking?"

"Why, some nice boys I play with in the park," exclaimed Fred.

"Who are they? Where do they live?" asked mamma.

"Frank lives in the avenue, Jim lives over the candy-shop around the corner, and Stringey and Whopps both live in the same house; and oh—it's just the loveliest house in New York."

"The loveliest?"

"Yes; it's so nice and quiet: it's got another house in front of it that shuts out all the noise. And my,

aren't his folks rich? there's more nice white clothes always lying around their rooms than I ever saw in our house."

Mamma grew envious at once, for superabundant linen was a luxury to which the Mayburn family had never attained, work as hard as she might. So she began to question curiously.

"Is it very nice linen? But of course you don't know."

"Oh yes, I do," said Fred, "and it's awfully nice. And it's always clean. And oh, you ought to see what fun I have when I go there."

Mamma felt uncomfortable. She did not like her children to go to any one's house—even that of their playmates—unless she knew that their appearance was creditable to the family; and Fred had been to the residence of these boys without permission when, probably, his attire was disarranged and his face and hands dirty.

"And such fun, mamma, as we have there you can't begin to think of. Right under their window there's a rope that goes around a wheel, and the other end of it goes around a wheel at another house, and we pull it back and forth."

Mamma was mystified: what people could want of ropes in such a place she could not imagine: perhaps it was a private telephone between two neighbours, and Fred had been disarranging it. She would investigate.

"Doesn't their mamma object when you play with the rope?" she asked.

"No," said Fred; "only when it's got clothes on it."

Clothes? Was this rope a device for airing clothing and furs? What intelligent care!

"What kind of clothes are on the rope?" asked mamma.

"Oh, shirts, and stockings, and things—just millions of 'em," said Fred; "Stringey's mamma sometimes makes as much as twelve dollars a week washing clothes, and the days she washes just don't we have fun blowing soap-bubbles in the tubs after the water gets too dirty to wash any more things in? Whopps goes and hooks his papa's pipes, and —"

"SH!" exclaimed mamma, as the truth flashed into her mind that her son had been the guest of a washer woman's family. Fred looked astonished, but determined that he must have been mistaken, so he continued:

"Whopps can always get pipes when his papa is tight, and —"

"Be quiet, I say," exclaimed mamma. "Ca a a a!"

"Well, they're better bubbles than we ever make at home, any way," said Fred. "Whopps's mamma says it's because the suds have more body."

"Fred!" exclaimed mamma, springing from her chair and seizing her boy's arm, "if you say another word, I'll send you to bed without supper, tea-party, or anything."

(To be Continued.)

\*\*\*

## DE LEVIS DEFEATED BY MURRAY AT ST. FOY.

BY MAX AITKEN, NEWCASTLE, N.B.

In the month of September, 1759, the famous battle between the British and the French was fought on the Plains of Abraham. Victory declared for the British, Wolfe and Montcalm, the brave Generals, both fell on the field of battle. Quebec surrendered, and the British entered and took possession. The supreme command of the British troops fell into the hands of Brigadier